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## DO SOMETHING, MR. JEROME!

Why does not District-Attorney Jerome really do something worth while? He has brain and ability, he is personally honest, and the community would be glad to honor him. Why does he fritter himself away, soaring occasionally to showers of pyrotechnics, and awakening at times to the pursuit of some minor criminals?

The present is so ripe with opportunity and so full of promise to a man in Mr. Jerome's official position. He could do so much good. He could do so much to heighten public respect for the law and public confidence in the impartiality of its enforcement. He could do so much to purify public life and to allay social mistrust and the threatenings of social disorder.

Somehow Mr. Jerome seems to lack continuity of effort and persistence of purpose. He lunches with Ed Lauterbach and Sam Untermyer instead of issuing warrants for their clients. He fusses about Wall Street and is flattered by the distinguished consideration shown him by Mr. Schiff and Mr. Harriman, taking all the obsequiousness to himself instead of to the power of the law and the force of public opinion of which he should be the real instead of the nominal exponent.

## A DANGEROUS SAFE.

A safe full of scandals is dangerous property to have on hand. It would be better to fill the safe with ordinary dynamite, which can destroy only physical objects, than to put in its custody the opportunity to destroy reputations, family peace and personal happiness.

The editor of Town Topics, just returned from abroad, says that the contents of his safe would turn New York upside down if it were published. If this is true the collection must have taken some time and trouble to make. The safe did not fill itself. The secrets which it contains did not solicit the collection of evidence about them. Such property as is here referred to is dangerous to have on the premises. It had better be destroyed.

One of Sherlock Holmes's most powerful stories, printed recently in The Evening World, told the fate of a London collector of like material. There should be no such thing in real life in New York as the possibilities for harm and evil which such a safe would contain.

## GILDED CHARIOTS, NOT CABS.

It does New York's public officials good to go abroad and study foreign conditions. There is a great deal to be learned of which advantage can be taken at home. President Fomes, of the Board of Aldermen, is the last official to return loaded with information and ideas. His text is the cab system.

New York City at present has nothing which can be called a real public cab service. Few New Yorkers use cabs except on occasions of intoxication or lavish extravagance. Most of the cab riding is done by out-of-town people who come to one of the big New York hotels for a few weeks and who regard driving around in a cab as a high form of harmless dissipation.

President Fomes is not the first prominent citizen to try to remodel New York's cab supply. It is not likely he will succeed any more than have several of his able predecessors. New York lies in sections far apart. Between Wall Street and uptown or Washington Heights and the theatre district the subway or elevated will make better time than a cab, and even a street car is almost as rapid. The short-distance cab riding is now fairly well provided by the hotel cab service to theatres and restaurants in that neighborhood. This trade pays a high price now and it expects to pay a high price. What it is looking for is not something cheaper, but something showier and more extravagant.

The New Yorkers with money to spend are not seeking a cheap cab service, but something in the more gilded chariot line.

William M. Newman asks for a divorce on the ground, among other things, that his wife was in the habit of going to a woman's club where they drank cocktails and smoked cigarettes.

Charles F. Murphy's wine cellar at his Long Island country place is fifteen by twenty feet, hardly as large as the old cellar on Second avenue where the beer kegs were kept.

John Mulqueen, six years old, lived for several weeks in an old trunk in a Tenth avenue backyard. In the winter he would have frozen.

Allentown's Chief of Police has been dismissed for taking bribes. The remarkable thing is that he confessed.

A maniac and an automobile are a dangerous combination.

## A New Record for Widows



Mrs. Tomczak

ONCE upon a time there was a widow who when reproached with having married six husbands in as many years replied that she was bound to show the Lord she could get 'em as fast as He could take 'em.

This was, of course, before the days of the grass widow, who, by her superior enterprise, has obliterated the memory of that feeble one-at-a-time record.

But Mrs. Tomczak, of Buffalo, has come to the ordinary widows' relief and established a new record for speed. For she took unto herself a second spouse while her first husband's funeral was in progress, and his baked meats did literally furnish forth the marriage feast.

To the normal mind this was an inexpressible, shocking performance. But there are many widows, nevertheless, whom nothing but the fear of Mrs. Grundy would keep from a repetition of it were the matrimonial opportunity to present itself so swiftly.

For the callousness of widows is to me a matter of perpetual marvel. I remember going into a woman's house on a journalistic errand connected with her husband's death.

It turned out, however, that his decease had been perfectly normal and had no news value whatever. Nevertheless, the relict insisted on taking me in to see how natural he looked, and when in the actual presence of death I murmured a brief apology for intruding upon her grief, she said graciously:

"Oh, not at all. I'm sorry I couldn't give you a better story."

Another wife, full-blown and forty-five, in anticipation of her octogenarian husband's decease, had a new photograph taken and sent it to the newspapers, following it a week later with postal cards, announcing the anticipated event.

Now, to women like this, the loss of a husband is simply the loss of so much money, and we might as well expect a man to go into mourning for the job he had lost and decline a new one as for her to hesitate at a second offer of marriage, even though made, as in the case of the Buffalo widow, at her dead husband's bier.

Marriage to her is simply a profession, and the number of husbands she acquires a tribute to her efficiency. Unfortunately, though her numbers are small, they are conspicuous enough to obscure the genuine loving, bereaved widow, in whose hearts love burns a perpetual altar flame. Of them we never read, for they are not looking, like the rest, for all the free advertising they can get—object—matrimony.

## Letters from the People

Says Baths Are Dirty.

To the Editor of The Evening World: I would like to call attention to the filthy condition of one of our public baths. Children and grown people visit this bath daily. The authorities should be more careful in such matters.

VICTIM.

H. B. A.—A straight flush beats four aces.

A Mother's Fighting Boy.

To the Editor of The Evening World: My thirteen-year-old son works as office boy in a large insurance company. Last week he came home one night with a black eye and bruises and the knuckles of both hands skinned. He told me he and another had had a fight, and that he was the loser. He said the other was a big, strong fellow, and that he had been fighting him for some time. He said the other was a big, strong fellow, and that he had been fighting him for some time. He said the other was a big, strong fellow, and that he had been fighting him for some time.

must stay after hours that very night and fight it out. As he expressed it, "to see once for all which was boss and to clear up the air." So they stayed and fought and my boy won, but was fearfully hurt. I ask other mothers for their opinions. Personally I am heartbroken at my little boy's brutality and furious at the man who made him a brute.

BROKEN-HEARTED MOTHER.

Rosie.—Blue for boy babies; pink for girls.

As to Race Riots.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Who starts these race riots? It is not always the negro? Why is that race so despised? Did not God create the negro as well as the white man? Why certainly. Some of the world's most capable men and women are found in the negro race. They are good citizens.

They do not cause riots and strikes. When a man is troubled he must have protection. Indeed, there is less disorder in the negro race than in any other of the world. They pay rent, high taxes and still have less protection than any people in New York. J. F. M. a German.

R. T.—A "Dutchman" is a Hollander, not a German.

The Boy, the Gun and the Cop.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Will readers kindly discuss the following question? A boy brings a small baby hammerless pistol to be repaired. After repairing the boy wants to pay the repair. The man refuses to give up the pistol on the ground that the boy must not carry one. The boy argues and the man gets a policeman. The policeman takes the gun away and the boy argues against him taking it away. Who was right, the boy or the repairer or the policeman? The pistol belonged to the boy's father. What would be the best way to get it back, readers? J. M.

Says We Won War of 1812.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

"Taxpayer" wrote claiming the war of 1812 for England. He claims that the United States was invaded, whereas we stood on the defensive, and allowed the battles to be fought mainly in our territory, and won most of them. It is true the city of Washington was burned, but what was Washington at that time? It was a small, unimportant place which had been decided on by Congress a few years before as a suitable place to build a Capitol. "Taxpayer" ought to see that a country which loses her battles, acknowledges herself whipped and sues for peace has lost the war. AN AMERICAN.

## The Ideal Conversationalist.

IT is strange that we are not all more proficient in the art of conversation when, if we stop to think it over, we realize that it plays so important a part in one's social life. The first point to remember is to try to moderate the voice. A naturally high-pitched, harsh voice can easily be trained so that eventually it will be soft and musical. Every one appreciates the sweet-toned voices of the English women, and there is no reason why the voices of the American women should not be the same, if proper attention is paid to their training, says Elizabeth Biddle in the Philadelphia Press.

We should also try to speak correctly, avoid all slang and provincialism and enunciate all the words as clearly as possible. If one wishes to be really entertaining in conversation she must not only have culture and a ready wit, but she must have sympathy, simplicity and sincerity, and, above all, a real interest in her subject.

The following rules are safe ones to follow: Look people in the face when you talk to them. Talk often, but never long, so

as to give others an opportunity of expressing their opinions, and show a courteous respect for another's point of view. In argument give fair play, and if the discussion continues beyond the limit of good taste let the matter drop.

Sometimes you know "silence is golden." This is unquestionably true in regard to gossiping. "Talk of things, not people," is a safe rule to follow. And if one must talk of people, tell of their good qualities, not their faults and failings. Indiscriminate praise is absurd and weakens one's judgment.

If you are really embarrassed you should force yourself to talk and become accustomed to the sound of your own voice, but do not feel obliged to talk incessantly. Try to be perfectly natural and at ease and always ready with small courtesies, even with children and servants.

A sympathetic and responsive listener is as much to be desired as one who can talk well.

By Elizabeth Biddle.

## Some of the Best Jokes of the Day.

Wages—You wouldn't think it, would you, but she's in love with a man who's got to go to bed for money.

Faith—Grouches! A prize fighter? Wages—No, a diver—Ally Super.

"Do you know anything about the treating evil?" asked the man with the boarding bill.

"I should say so," replied the tall man. "My physician treated me for appendicitis one time when I only had the colic."—Chicago News.

"Geet! I'd like to be de boss of dis factory."

"What for?"

"So I could go away off somewhere."—Newark News.

"Why, Maud," said a mother to her four-year-old daughter, "you've got to be of your stockings on wrong side out."

"I put it on that way," exclaimed the little miss, "because there's a hole on the other side!"—Chicago News.

"Will somebody chase the cow down this way?" said the funny boarder who wanted some milk for his coffee. "Here, Jane," said the landlady ironically, "take the cow down where the calf is bawling."—Kansas City Journal.

## The Cash Value of a Laugh.

IT is just because laughter is so thoroughly human that it always touches a responsive cord in the heart. People who are impelled to laugh together find it difficult to harbor any sentiments of resentment toward one another. Laughter drives away irritation. To laugh at a thing and at the same time to be seriously angry is almost an impossibility, and many a political campaign has been won by means of it.

The third Napoleon's advent in the shape of a humiliated man and a disgraced emperor was a sight to see. But in spite of this, the way in which it had been done excited such hearty laughter that the people's anger was to a great extent quenched. A people that are prone to laughter are much more easy to rule than a nation which takes a too serious view of life, and in the same way a government that has a sense of humor is certain to prove more popular than one that is only stern.

"Where's Jenkins these days? I never see anything of him."

"No, he's been in a state of intoxication since Decoration Day."

"Oh, come, now, he doesn't drink at all."

"I didn't say he did. I merely mean to say he's visiting friends in Kentucky."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Why do they call it the face of the earth?" asked the teacher.

"Cause there's so much dirt on it. I suppose," replied the youthful one.—Workers Statesman.

Motor Cyclist—I see that Muggins has named his automobile after his wife. Isn't that a queer proceeding?

"Bicycle? Not at all. He didn't name his machine until he discovered he couldn't control it."—Albany Journal.

## "Odd Moment" Study

HE man whose early education was defective need not despair. He can, if he chooses, acquire a liberal education at odd moments.

Grant, Lincoln, Garfield, each of these knew educational restrictions in early youth, supplying many deficiencies later, as occasion offered. President Roosevelt accomplishes important reading in spare and odd moments most people would thoughtlessly waste.

A number of eminent physicians have performed wonders in brief and occasional periods of study. A German doctor contrived to memorize the entire Iliad in Greek while passing from one patient to another. Dr. Rush studied in his carriage while making visits, thus preparing the useful books written later, says John Coleman in the Chicago Tribune.

Henry Kirk White is said to have learned Greek while walking to and from a lawyer's office. Elihu Burritt acquired mastery of eighteen languages and spoke twelve dialects in the scattered and scanty moments stolen from his regular occupation of blacksmith. He always maintained that he had no special linguistic talent, but merely improved the time.

By John Coleman.

Washington studied his hardest when no longer young, as did the Duke of Wellington. Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, equally famous as nervous specialist and author, is a living object lesson in the successful utilization of odd moments for intellectual pursuits. Sir Walter Scott worked in similar manner. A Chicago janitor not long since won a prize for a striking oil painting. He had worked and studied in odd moments for years.

The profession of authorship might be adjudged as particularly needing a classical education, but some of the greatest American authors have enjoyed no such training. Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain), George William Curtis, Bret Harte, are numbered among these. William Dean Howells, master of style and language, acquired much of his professional education in the experience school.

In every age, climate and possible or imaginable variety of work similar records might be almost unendingly duplicated. But little less numerous are the present day opportunities and aids of the higher education that may be acquired while earning a living. The man or woman who to-day remains uneducated lacks the right kind of inclination or will.

## Some New and Delicious Summer Drinks that Can Be Made Cheaply at Home.



ONE of the prettiest accomplishments of the summer girl is the art of mixing palatable summer drinks. The home manufacture of such beverages also means a saving of money, as they are cheaper to make than to buy. A delightfully refreshing mixture is the "St. Louis punch." To each glass is added the juice of one large lemon, two tablespoonsful of powdered sugar, one-half wineglassful of the best Jamaica rum; fill up with English soda water. Place the mixture in the shaker with a quantity of shaved ice and shake until well chilled; then strain and serve. To frappe anything put your drink in a tall glass with powdered ice and invert the metal shaker over it. Hold the two together firmly and agitate rapidly for a few seconds. Then strain. If a regular shaker is not at hand, an ordinary fruit jar will do very well.

French egg pique is easily made and is very refreshing on a hot day. Two tablespoonsful of fruit syrup, any flavor desired; one egg, yolk and white, broken in glass. Fill with bottled soda that has been iced, mix thoroughly with shaker until foamy, pour out, add a dash of phosphate, sprinkle over the top a little grated nutmeg or fresh ground cinnamon, according to taste.

A beverage which hails from Turkey is called "Sanco Amour." Take the juice of three lemons and two oranges and the grated rinds of one orange and one lemon. Stick a lemon with cloves and the rind of the orange and the lemon are roasted; then cut in thin slices, add a handful of fresh rose petals, one large cup of honey. Your boiling water over all and let cool gradually. When ready to serve chill in a shaker. Serve in lemonade cups. A plate of crisp wafers is in good keeping with any service which includes sweet beverages, says the Washington Star.

Substitute for Mint Julep.—In a half glass filled with shaved ice place two or three sprigs of mint. With the masher crush the mint until the leaves are reduced to a pulp. Add four tablespoonsful of either cherry or grape juice and fill the glass with seltzer. Shake, strain and serve with fresh mint protruding from the glass.

Temperance Punch.—Upon a tablespoonful of good tea pour two quarts of boiling water. Have ready the juice and peelings of three lemons and one orange in a small punch bowl, and when the tea has steeped for five minutes pour the hot, clear fluid on the juice and skim through a strainer. This decoction, sweetened with half a pound of sugar, should cool slowly and then be placed in an ice chest. Small glasses of the tall variety are the best for serving this drink. The preliminary mixing should be done in private, and when you are ready to serve bring the pitcher and glasses out on a neat tray. Into each glass pour half an inch of fruit syrup, then pour in the tea until they are three-fourths full. The glass may be filled with shaved ice or with soft water.

Sliced pineapple and a few slices of orange form a good addition to this. Serve with or without straws.

A beverage that is a favorite with men is frosted coffee. Make strong coffee, and have it hot. Fill a glass half full of shaved ice, one heaping teaspoonful of powdered sugar. Pour the hot coffee over and pile high with whipped cream.

Fruit Frappe.—Two tablespoonsful of fruit syrup and the juice of one orange in a glass, two teaspoonfuls of sugar; fill one-quarter full of shaved ice, add seltzer and shake until well chilled.

Claret Frappe.—Take a quart of green tea and pour it while boiling hot upon half a pound of white rock candy, the juice and peel of three lemons, one orange and two tablespoonsful of whisky. Let this mixture cool, and when you are ready to serve it add a pint of claret and a pint of apollinaris. No ice is used in the glasses with this drink, but the ingredients may be ice cold when ready to serve. Sugar may be used by omitting the apollinaris, but do not use both together.

A maraschino cherry added to any of the above drinks makes them more tempting.

California Sorbets.—For eight quarts take nine lemons, one dozen limes, three oranges, a pineapple, eighteen spoonfuls of sugar; grate peel of the limes, lemons and oranges; remove the white and slice the fruit, also the pineapple; pour over one quart of hot water, let stand for twenty-four hours, then strain. Add one quart of shaved ice, one quart of good claret, one quart maraschino cherries, half a pineapple in cubes. Place the bowl in a larger one of chopped ice.

## Dreams May Cause Death

PEOPLE have actually been killed by dreams. Most persons have suffered from those terrible nightmare visions in which the victim is pursued by an assassin with upraised knife, or is trembling on the edge of a fearful precipice, or is in some other imminent danger of a sudden and terrible death. These dreams are common enough, and nearly always the sufferer awakes, thankful and happy at his escape. But sometimes he doesn't awake. Sometimes the knife falls or the sleeper in his hallucinations plunges down the precipice. These are the dreams that kill, says the Chicago Tribune.

In cases where dreams kill there is a sort of combined action between the dream and the disease through which death is accomplished. In the first place the dream is usually the product of the disease. A person may have heart disease, which never asserts itself or allows the victim in any way to know of its presence until the fact is disclosed in a frightful dream. Moreover, terrifying dreams are often the first evidence of heart disease. Then the frequent recurrence of these dreams, dealing repeated shocks to the nervous system, aggravates the disease until the heart is so weak that one more shock is sufficient to cause death.

If a person has had dreams it does not necessarily follow, however, that he has heart disease. Dreams indicating heart disease are usually of a terrifying nature, and relate to death. On awakening the sufferer will notice a violent heart palpitation. Chronic pericarditis is always preceded by horrible dreams, such as that of being thrown into a lake of fire or being crushed in a railroad wreck, or burned by a volcanic eruption.

The approach of insanity may also be revealed by unpleasant dreams, or insanity may be hastened by such dreams. There are many cases on record where a person has been driven insane by a dream.

## The Second Avenue Rubies

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Gilbert Chetwood and his partner, Jebbs, steal a sacred Chinese ruby from the jewelry store of the former half-sister, Mrs. Raymond. A Chinese secret society is also seeking the necklace. The theft is followed by a series of adventures. The jewelry store is broken into, the necklace is stolen, and the thieves are pursued. The necklace is found in the hands of a Chinese man, who is killed. The necklace is found in the hands of a Chinese man, who is killed.

## CHAPTER IX.

### "When Thieves Fall Out."

JEBBS looked thoughtfully around him, musing what was to be done.

"Can't make out what that other cuss is after," he said, as he crouched down, a huddled heap, in the shadow of the building. "Wonder if it's another pal of the old man's who has been cheated out of his plate and wants to get square? Well, I can afford to wait for him, and then if he cuts up rough I'll have him nabbed, and he wouldn't like that!"

He had not long to wait before the door in the wall was cautiously opened, and Chetwood stood on the pavement looking up and down the street.

Jebbs, who had shrunk back against the wall when he appeared, now rose to his feet, and as the other was moving away started after him.

"No, you don't get away so easily," cried Jebbs, as he reached out his long lean arms and clutched Chetwood by the collar.

The suddenness of the attack seemed to have no effect on Chetwood, but he did not recognize in that light his assailant, and the next moment they were struggling over the slippery pavement.

An cautious step, and the heavier man of the two went down.

As he fell out of his coat dropped a morocco case. Chetwood uttered a cry and rushed off Jebbs as he tried to reach out and pick it up.

"It's the rubies, you fool!" he growled.

And just as they had scrambled to their feet and made a rush for the treasure a shadowy figure darted between them and, snatching up the case, made off down the street with an exultant, piping cry, that sounded like a night bird's cry.

The two men, now thoroughly sobered, watched the flying figure, and then Chetwood turned on his companion savagely.

"Oh, you miserable fool! That was the ruby necklace!"

"Not much we shall lose if we let it go!"

"Not much we shall lose! We'll overhaul that fellow yet!"

He had taken, followed by Chetwood.

And he set off on a run in the direction the fugitive had taken.

They soon caught sight of the little man running.

"Blessed if he don't look like a Chinese!" gasped Jebbs, as he caught a better view of the little man ahead when the fog had lifted some. "Mighty small chance of catching him."

"We must!" panted Chetwood.

They were nearing the East River now, and the people coming and going became more numerous.

They reached the edge of the docks. The Chinaman had darted down a long, empty pier and disappeared among the shadows.

Still they ran on, Jebbs lagging a little behind now. His face was very white and he breathed heavily.

"There he is! There!" he cried suddenly to Chetwood, as he pointed to a figure standing for a moment on the edge of the pier; then it disappeared.

Chetwood dashed forward, and when Jebbs reached the stringpiece he looked down, hesitating to jump.

Chetwood was on the deck of the schooner and the next view Jebbs had was of two men struggling on the edge of the boat.

The Chinaman was snarling like a terrier.

In one hand he still clutched the morocco case, which Chetwood was vainly trying to wrest from him.

Then as they struggled Jebbs heard a cry, a scream and both men disappeared from view.

Jebbs made his way slowly down to the deck of the schooner, hurried over to the stern and peered down into the swift-flowing tide, full of crumbling ice.

He had a glimpse for a moment of a pale face looking up appealingly to him, and then close to it another, a yellow, evil face, with black, almond-shaped eyes, and mouth distorted with fear. Then the tide swept them away out of sight.

Jebbs scrambled to his feet slowly and looked out on the waters in a dazed sort of way.



Something metallic jingled beneath her fingers.

the necklace, too. Why didn't I get the reward when there was a chance? Now they're where nobody'll find them again, and all through me being so honest and trustin' the hon' who was aimin' all the time to cheat me out of my earnings. He's got his deserts. Such is the reward of all renegades, an' he only got what was comin' to him."

As he shuffled disconsolately across the deck of the schooner his foot struck something that gave forth a jingling sound.

## A New York Mystery

By Ernest De Lancey Pierson

He caught the sparkle of gems darting a rosy fire that flashed up in his face.

"Good Lord! What luck!" he muttered under his breath. "The ruby necklace! Those two poor devils to their death. I'll go and claim the reward, and not risk trying to sell them on the quiet. Honesty is the best policy, and a deal safer at a time like this."

"Ho! ho! There you are, eh?"

A voice that seemed somewhat familiar called this out from the depths of the fog.

Jebbs shivered, and then thrust the case into his pocket.

It was time, for a hand was on his shoulder and he turned to face the detective of Grigson's Rents.

"Ah, my friend!" slapping Jebbs on the back with such hearty vehemence as to cause the other to cough violently. "I knowed you and me would meet again, but it's a little sooner than we expected. I'm none the less glad to see you, so come along!" linking his arm with that of Jebbs.

"What for?"

"About that little ruby stealin' affair. Now, are you going to come peaceably?" with an aggressive look.

"Ho! That is what you are aimin' at," chuckled Jebbs. "Well, I'll go with you if you'll see ye make a fool of yourself again."